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A FURTHER VIEW—II
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To See the Light

● Bernard A. Herbert

HIS father was an ex-boxer, thick-shouldered and heavy-armed with rock-like fists, and the boy wished that one of those fists would smash into Mister Grimes' face when the landlord cursed after asking for the room rent. But the boy's father had turned away and taken the boy's hand and walked up the stairs as though he had not heard. Only his fingers, pressing hard into the boy's palm until they pinched the skin, told the boy that his father was aware of the bad names.

When the door shut behind them, the boy tugged his hand free and stood by silently while his father sat down on a sagging metal bed and unlaced his shoes and then sprawled prone on the mattress. The boy watched his father breathe; the broad back on the bed heaved in rhythm with the air that whistled through the flared nostrils which were flattened into the pillow under his head. The boy kneeled next to the pillow and tapped an outflung arm.

"Pop."

His father's head rolled from side to side and burrowed deeper into the pillow.

The boy spoke louder. "Pop."

His father lifted his face up to the boy, but his eyes seemed to focus on something far beyond the front wall of their room. His eyebrows were scarred by healed welts and his nose was a twisted lump of broken cartilage and battered skin. And he smelled of stale sweat and soggy leather and damp sawdust and the sharp alcohol tang of the rubbing liniment with which he worked in the gymnasium down the street.

The boy said, "I'm talking to you," and shook his father's arm.

"Whut you want?"

"That Mister Grimes, I was hoping you'd sock him one."

"Yeah?"

"I wish you'd really sock him one, Pop."

His father smiled; his eyes came back from the distance, closer to the boy's face. "Whut good would thet do? Grimes'd throw us outta here. We'd wind up living in the gym. You wouldn't want thet, would you?"

"I don't care." The boy rose and walked around the bed to a dust-streaked window and flung it open. "I wish I was bigger, that's all. I just wish I was bigger. I'd show him." The boy jammed his hands into his trouser pockets and stared out the window.

He heard the bedsprings creak and then the shuffle of his father's stockinged feet on the planked floor. There was a stumbling sound, and the boy spun around. His father had tripped over a low wooden stool. The boy started across the room.

"Thet's okay." His father motioned the boy away, and picked up the stool and placed it near the window. The boy stayed at his side, waited until he was seated, then looked out the window again.

"Anything doin' outside?" his father asked.

"Just some people standing by the gym." The boy leaned on the window sill and glanced up the street to the corner. "There's Missus Brenner. She was a friend of Mom's."

"Yeah. Missus Brenner; I remember her."

"She came to the funeral," the boy said, and looked down at his fingers on the window sill.

"Yeah."

The boy's eyes lowered from the sill to the floor, and he tried to swallow down a lump that was swelling in his throat. "I wish Mom was here." He swallowed twice but the lump remained. "She'd know what to do."

His father did not answer, and the boy turned around. His father's face was buried in his fingers. The wide shoulders were slumping, and the boy put an arm over them and squeezed the flesh.

"We'll get along, Pop. Don't you worry." The boy paused. "I wish I hadn't spoken about Mom."

His father mumbled into his hands without looking up. "You wish too damn much. Wishing ain't gonna pay the rent. I'm broke; I don't get paid 'til Saturday."

The lump in the boy's throat sank into his stomach. Through the opened window the street noises filtered in like sounds from a far-off world; the high-pitched shrieks of playing children, the rumble and clatter of trucks on the cobbled gutters, the screech of braked tires on asphalt, the impatient bleating of a motorist's horn. Then the boy heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs near the room. A hand rapped on the door.

His father looked up and nodded to the boy. The boy went to the door and opened it. Mister Grimes was smiling tight-lipped.

"You two get your things together and get out. I've called the cops."

"The cops?" The boy's father rose from the stool and moved toward the door. His foot tangled with a stool leg and he almost tripped again. He reached out and steadied himself against a wall. "Whut did you call the cops for? I told you I'd pay you Saturday."

"You owe me four weeks' rent. You ain't gonna pay me Saturday or any other day. I know how much you make." Mister Grimes' face was gray-white and his lips sprayed saliva as he shouted. "I'm gonna throw you out."

The boy watched the landlord's jowls tremble flabbily over open jaw, and he wished he had the strength to punch into the soft skin, down to the bone, and crush the lips that began to curse at his father. But he knew he wouldn't hit the landlord; so instead he said, "You've got to have an eviction notice, Mister Grimes."

"This is a rooming house. I can put you out anytime I want." Some of the wetness from the landlord's lips spattered on the boy's face. "Just get your stuff and beat it, or

else I'll have the cops lock you up."

The boy wiped his cheek on a shirt sleeve and looked at his father. "Is that right, Pop?" He saw the scarred eyebrows frown and the weak look in his father's eyes, and he knew the answer before it came.

"I guess he's right." His father stooped near the bed and groped under the spring and dragged out an old suitcase. "Give me a hand with this thing," he said, fumbling with the snaplock.

"I'll be waiting downstairs," Mister Grimes said, and slammed the door.

The boy bent over the suitcase and clicked open the lock. Inside, over their clothing, was a leather-bound scrapbook with cracked seams and frayed edges. The yellowed borders of old newspaper clippings protruded from the pages. The boy put the book on the bed; it had a faint smell of aged pulp and dried paste. The boy blew some dust off the cover and shoved the book away from his face, and rearranged the clothing in the suitcase. His father tossed some toilet articles on the bed, and the boy stuffed them into the corners of the suitcase. He picked up the scrapbook and slid the loose newspaper clipping carefully into the pages, and slowly closed the suitcase top over the book.

"Okay, Pop," the boy said. He gripped the case with both hands and looked around the room to see if there was anything else to take. His father was standing near the door, staring at the wooden frame. From the open window came the thin-throated laughter of the children playing in the street; children with mothers to protect and comfort them, with fathers to provide for them—to give them a home; children who played and then went home reluctantly to eat, secure in their routine of play and eat and sleep—as children should; children with homes. The boy put down the suitcase and slammed the window shut.

"Better give me the bag." His father's big hand stretched out.

The boy lifted the suitcase and placed the handle in his father's palm. As the thick fingers tightened around it, his forearm tendons rippled and then bulged out firm, and the boy wished that some day he would have muscles like those.

"Did we forget anything?" his father asked, and looked blankly at the discolored walls of the room.

"I don't think so."

"Well, let's go, then." His father patted the boy's shoulder clumsily and let his hand rest there. "I didn't mean whut I said before; you wish all you want to. I been wishing some, myself."

The boy twisted the doorknob and hesitated. "Ain't you going to do anything, Pop?"

"There ain't nothin' I can do." His father shrugged. "We're broke and we can't pay the rent. So out we go." He smiled and kneaded his fingers into the boy's shoulder. "We'll go over to the gym and see if we can find a place to stay."

"I wish we could do something," the boy said. There was a strong salt-sting in the boy's eyes that blurred his sight, and he blinked several times. The salt burned his eyelids and he pressed his lips in-

ward to hold back the tears that would not be forced down.

He heard Mister Grimes yell from downstairs, his shout muffled by the closed door. "Get the hell down here, up there." His father's hand squeezed his shoulder like a giant five-pronged vise.

"We'll let him wait a few minutes," his father said. "That's about all we can do. Once, though—" His voice trailed off.

The landlord yelled again, cursing.

They stood motionless by the door. The boy's shoulder ached from his father's grip, but he did not try to pull away. The ache felt good, like a hurt that did not really pain because it was given in love by one who was loved.

"A few years ago, before that last fight—" his father said, and his voice faltered and broke.

The boy couldn't hear the street noises now, but under his feet he could feel the vibrations of the trucks passing over the cobbles outside. He wondered what his father was thinking.

* * *

"One!"

In his head the blackness was shattered by scarlet lights streaking and expanding into red ribbons which widened and filled his brain with a crimson haze that wavered and split when the white comets pinwheeled into his eyes and exploded in a blinding glare of light as he rolled over on the canvas. His chest was being mashed into the ring floor by his body; his lungs gasped in air against the pressure of his weight. He forced his eyelids up and apart, and held them open while he waited for the next count and the familiar wave sickness to wash over him.

"Two!"

The numbed flesh and bone of his face tingled as the sickness condensed and then spread inside his body. Then his senses sharpened: He smelled the thick resin scent of the ring; the taste of blood was warm and nauseous in his mouth; he heard the roar of the crowd pounding in his ears and thundering away and bouncing back. He swallowed the blood but his guts revolted and squirmed and heaved up in his belly, and he puked on the canvas under his nose without moving his head. The vomit burned his throat and tasted bitter on his tongue and plugged his nostrils with a rancid sourness that smeared on his cheeks when he snorted it out. He ground his face into the canvas as the crowd screamed in a steady kill-lust savagery, mounting with the count.

"Three!"

He watched the referee's pointing finger descend. It was Big Jim's finger pointing at him; Big Jim, owner of stadiums and referees and boxers and managers and trainers. His stomach sickened again, and he fought down the nausea in his belly and rolled away from the vomit stink that grew stronger when he thought of Big Jim. He heard a shout break through the roar in the arena. "Get up, ya black bum." The flesh of his chest was pressing the sweat into the canvas floor, the skin slimy on the rough cloth. Black flesh. Black bum. I'm a black

bum, he thought. He looked at his forearm next to his eyes, the arm round and brown and flowing wet-smooth from the blood-red lump of his boxing glove. Big Jim's arm. Big Jim's black slave; his black bum of a nigger slave.

"Four!"

Big Jim's order to him: take a dive in a late round after building an early lead to make the fight seem legitimate to the crowd and the television audience. He'd have loved to fight on the level this blond second-rater grinning from a neutral corner across the ring. He hadn't trained seriously for the bout, but he'd managed to salvage some pride for himself by teasing the blond and delaying the dive until now, in the tenth and last round, when he'd deliberately exposed his chin and taken the blond's best punch. He'd gone down hard, but instinctively he'd jumped up. As he stood erect, weakened and dazed, he wished he'd stayed down. Then he was slugged again and dropped with only seconds left until the end of the round.

The boxer glanced at his corner and relished the worried faces of his manager and trainer. Their hands and mouths were urging him to get up, but he knew their hearts were praying for him to be counted out.

"Get up, nigger!" The hell with you. This black nigger's staying down, he thought.

The canvas under his eyes was a gleaming whiteness — white — white —white like Big Jim; white face, white scalp, white skin, white bastard, smiling crookedly: how are you tonight? you gonna knock him out? smiling again, palely; knowing it's in the bag, knowing it's to be a knockout.

Other bouts, other fixes: you lose, decision. Or: after the fifth, you go down. Or, when the blood and bone and muscle within him seemed to expand almost to bursting: this one is on the level.

But not this one tonight. Big Jim was very anxious; he must have bet his roll on a knockout. He must have enjoyed seeing his boxer climb into the ring with his belly soft and the flesh there overlapping the elastic of his trunks like a black tire of loose skin. Big Jim must have grinned when his slave's strength had ebbed through the early rounds and he'd tried to hide it by tin-canning: when you dance and jab and clinch and smile to conceal the weakness, and the other boxer smiles back because he knows the truth and you know he knows and you know that he knows that you know, but you smile anyway.

You've been smiling all your life. Negroes smile. White men crack jokes to Negroes and wait for them to smile. When you didn't smile the whites looked funny at you. Something bad would seem to follow. So you smiled. Some Negroes laughed, but that you couldn't do. You smiled. But you didn't hee-hee-hee or haw-haw.

"Five!"

Listen to them yell. Always, the yelling; yelling for blood: standing and shouting and swinging their fists; punching with their fighter and twisting and ducking and weaving with him; cursing and bel-

lowing for the red of blood. Each one imagining himself in the ring with the other boxer but without the pain and sickness. No, not each one. Not Big Jim. He never fought, not even in his mind.

He was never a scared Negro boy in a youth center in Harlem raising heavy pillow-case boxing gloves on toothpick-thin arms and moving in on another wide-eyed scrawny kid and both of them trying to shuffle their feet in a pathetic imitation of the smooth cat-like step, step-step of the young Joe Louis and both of them slipping and staggering on the old stained mattresses that padded the splintered wooden floor. And both of them closing in and forgetting the Louis shuffle and the other kids yelling at them and their own excitement rising until they're alone with each other and striking out blindly, their undernourished arms weakly trying to punch against the weight of the big gloves. And their swings coming slower and slower until they can barely lift their arms defensively, unable to muster enough strength to hit. Sometimes he would begin to cry. Sometimes the other kid would cry, too. They would be crying with rage and futility and shame. And then he would hear the other children cheering his name, weaklings rooting for their champion and in their minds boxing with him and in their hearts wishing that they had his courage and his ability to absorb punishment. He would feel a surge of new power in his arms and body then, like a runner's second wind. And he would get new strength, more often than the other kids he fought, and he would win.

You were always proud at the yelling, for you knew you were somebody, not nobody.

Like in the Golden Gloves finals, so long ago. Madison Square Garden and new white silk robe and ring canvas white and clean and crowd humming and buzzing and cigarette smoke swirling cloudy-white under white-white lights and loudspeaker booming your name. And then you're under the white-white lights and staring at your opponent's white chest and you hate the whiteness and your guts tighten in your belly and you remember your training: to control the hate and save it for the punches and unleash it to give you more power when the whiteness in front of you bleeds red that sticks and smears and is colored, too. And the color gives you still more power, and you punch and you punch-punch and you punch-punch-punch until the red smear drops and you're jigging alone in a corner and you hear the crowd thunder as the referee doesn't bother to count and your Negro trainer leaps into the ring and the thunder increases while you forget that your trainer's face is black and that your face is black and he hugs you and you hug him and now you're both dancing up and down and the whiteness and the redness are gone and the referee raises your arm and the thunder crescendoes until it's no longer a sound but is a part of you; part of your mind and your body and your heart. And then the sound dies as the announcer shouts that you're the new champion and he raises your arm again, not quite as

high as before, and the cheer that follows isn't as loud and you sense the crowd thinking it's too bad the winner wasn't a white man and now the whiteness comes back glaring over you. You look at the tears trickling down your trainer's face and you glance up at your raised arm and you think: look at it, you lousy white bastards, look at that skin. And you are proud that it is black. And you rejoice at the blood on the glove above the arm. White man's blood.

"Six!"

But never Big Jim's blood. He'd learned that at his first meeting with Big Jim.

"You're signing up with me."

"I am, huh?"

"Think it over, kid."

"I ain't signing with nobody."

"I said think it over."

"I ain't thinking nothing over. I'm leaving."

"You wanna leave on your feet?"

"Go to hell."

"You see Killer there?"

"Yeah."

"You know him?"

"Yeah—"

"Think it over."

He'd signed. If he hadn't, he'd have never boxed in any decent arena. No first-class manager would want to handle him. If he'd tried to expose Big Jim, his name would be listed as a missing person in a police file within twenty-four hours.

As he went up the ladder, he allowed Big Jim to talk to the sports reporters for him. They knew. Everyone really knew. But the reporters wanted their steady newspaper salaries, and their readers had their own problems to worry about and the prosecutors wanted to advance in politics and become judges and the judges wanted to remain in office and maybe run for governor someday with the correct political backing and when they became governors they appointed the boxing commissioners who supported their candidacy. And Big Jim was the biggest supporter of them all.

He treated the reporters to their whiskey and free tickets and dined regularly with their editors and publishers and built the new political clubhouse for the eager young prosecutors and played golf with the judges and governors. What chance did a twenty-one-year-old uneducated black-skinned boxer have against Big Jim? No chance, except to become as much a slave as his great-grandfather was one hundred years ago.

"Seven!"

He pushed himself up from the canvas and rested on his hands and knees. Under him, his shadow was a warped blob of darkness on the white ring floor.

Crooked. Everything's crooked: promoters, managers, trainers, teachers, writers, parents, people. White people. Whites living on the gristle of Negro sinews and draining off the sweat that seeped out of black Negro skin and drinking the perspiration and urinating it out in green dollar bills.

Negroes are crooked. Negro leaders sell out. Negro leaders pouring toil-won dollars wrenched from the white world into a bottomless drain of court battles and legislative-lobbying. And spending for non-seg-

regated schools in the South while ignoring the poor attendance and advancement of Negro school children up North. If the kids do not go to school where there is no segregation, the faces in the classrooms will be all white anyway. Negro leaders know they can't legislate true social equality any more effectively than they can pass enforceable laws against drinking and gambling and adultery. But Negro leaders legislate anyway; they pay the lawyers and the lobbyists and the investigators and whoever else has his hand outstretched, if only for expenses.

Why don't they spend the money to make the kids want to go to school; feed them, clothe them, subsidize them, dammit, but build the Negro attendance in schools and not the variety of color. What little difference if the kids learn in a school where the faces are all black instead of half-black. When the kid has learned, he will be needed. When he is needed, he will be called. And when he is called, he will be respected—and only respect as a person instead of forced acceptance as a Negro by act of Congress will lead to true social equality.

I hope it's not a losing fight, he thought, not like this bout. It's too late to win now even if I wanted to.

He looked down at his vomit, green-yellow on the white canvas. I'm losing. I'm crooked, too. I'm not only black outside; I'm black inside, where it matters. I'm yellow, also. Green-yellow. Money-yellow. I'm selling out for money.

"Eight!"

From the corner of his eye he watched the referee's arm raising for the next count. White ref and Negro boxer, crooked together. We're all crooked. Why can't we be honest, honest as kids? Simply honest. He watched the referee's arm come down and saw his mouth open to shout the knockdown count, the distorted jaws twisting the lines of his face. We're all twisted, twisted from honesty by greed.

Like me. The Negro boxer braced on one knee, his body tense, eyes alert. The yelling around him was not a roar now; it sounded more like a call—a nameless force sweeping over him and drawing at his mind and body.

"Nine!"

The yelling overwhelmed the referee's voice. The waves of noise seemed to push at the boxer and then pull at him from inside and outside, steadily, like an undertow.

They're yelling because of me, he thought. Because of me, Negro kids are crouching in front of television sets all over the country, watching, praying agonized; trying to lift me with the honesty white-pure in their hearts: getup getup getup. White kids, too.

And the thieves, they're cursing at me to stay down; they're black inside with hate, blacker than my skin; cursing me and my race and my mother: staydown you crazy-blacksonofabitch.

And there's the referee, hustling the last count for Big Jim.

"Ten!"

He was up in time. The pushing and the pulling of the yelling inside of him tightened his thighs and the tendons there worked his knee

joints and they locked in place and he was standing spraddle-legged before the referee's arm swept down. He blinked away the blood-burn in his eyes and saw sharp white-and-black, and he knew he was up and he knew why and he felt as he once had felt when he was a child and had no strength left to lift his arms, but this time he felt good; he didn't feel like crying. He saw the referee motion and urge his blond opponent to rush in and he saw the white arm swinging and helplessly watched the red-gloved fist balloon up into his face and he felt himself staggering back across the ring with the blackness flooding into his eyes. But in the split second before the blackness was full, as if coming from a long distance to pierce through the yelling and the darkness outside of him and inside of him, he heard a bell ring.

And then there was no blackness and no yelling; there was nothing.

* * *

The landlord shouted up the stairs again. The boy's father nodded, and the boy opened the door and shut it softly behind them. He held his father's hand while they walked down the steps. The fingers were very warm, as though the blood was racing under the skin, and the palm was slippery with sweat.

Mister Grimes was standing at the base of the staircase and his eyes were narrowed and watchful.

"You got everything outta the room?"

"It's all in here." The boy's father shook the suitcase a little.

"That's good. Now you just put that bag on the floor and leave it there." Mister Grimes pointed at the suitcase. "I'm gonna hold it until you pay me the back rent."

The boy's father placed the suitcase down and straightened slowly. He sighed and spoke to the boy. "Might as well leave it; ain't nothing worth anything in there, anyway."

"What about your scrapbook? You want to keep that, don'cha?"

"It ain't worth nothing, either."

"It is to me," the boy said. "I'm taking it." He squatted and began to unsnap the lock.

Mister Grimes' foot booted the suitcase from the boy's hand. "Everything stays here. And I mean everything." The landlord was looming over the boy, his feet braced as though to kick again.

The boy looked at his father. "Pop—"

His father shrugged and held out his hands, palms up. "He's the boss."

The boy whirled and grabbed the suitcase handle and ran out of the building. He heard Mister Grimes shout and run after him. The boy tried to dash down the stoop stairs, but he stumbled over the suitcase, lost his balance, and fell to the sidewalk. He tried to spring up, but his shirt collar was yanked from behind. Mister Grimes shouted in his ear and swung him around and slapped him hard on the cheek. The boy jerked back, and the landlord slapped him again. The boy punched out blindly; his fist struck flesh; his collar was released and he pivoted and ran. He was caught from behind again and flung to the pavement. A heavy foot pounded

into his ribs. The boy rolled on the sidewalk and wrenched his body away as the foot swung again.

"Pop!" He gasped out the word. "Pop! Help me!" The foot kicked him again, and the breath whipped out of his lungs and his stomach was left sick-empty. He managed to call once more, weakly, "Pop." Then he waited for the landlord's next blow.

The blow didn't come, and the boy breathed convulsively several times. He looked up when he heard a scuffling near his head. Mister Grimes was punching his father. His father was doubled over, cradling his head in his arms. Mister Grimes was cursing and screaming, and swinging both fists. The boy's father groped for the landlord's arms, but Mister Grimes stepped aside and then lunged in and threw a sweeping right-hand punch that floored the boy's father. The boy crawled over to his father and lifted his head; blood was streaming from the twisted nose and a new gash was bleeding over the eyes.

Mister Grimes stood over them, his chest heaving.

The boy said, "Pop. Pop. Pop."

A large crowd had gathered around them, and it separated and then re-formed behind a police officer, who pushed through to the boy.

"What the hell's going on here?"

"They attacked me." The landlord pointed at the boy and his father. His chest expanded and contracted and expanded again. "They jumped me. I want the both of them locked up." He choked and began to cough.

"What did you jump this guy for?" The cop spoke to the boy but looked at the boy's father, now stirring on the sidewalk and shaking his head.

"He hit me first," the boy said. "We were leaving and Mister Grimes kicked me in the stomach." His father sat up and the boy's eyes teared and the tears spurted out of his eyes and they wouldn't be held back no matter how tightly he compressed his lips and he was sobbing and pointing at the landlord. "He kicked me twice and Pop tried to stop him." The boy's throat constricted and he pressed close to his father and cried against his chest. He put his arms around his father's body and hugged the chest into his face.

"They owe me a month's rent," the landlord said to the cop. "I told them to leave their luggage and the kid tried to run away with it. I had to stop him."

The cop frowned at the landlord, then stooped and helped the boy's father to his feet. Then the boy felt both his father's arms pull his head even closer to his chest, and he could hear the heart beating inside like the thumping of a muted hammer.

The cop spoke to the landlord, gruffly, "You mean you kicked around a little kid like this?"

Mister Grimes said nothing, and the cop's voice rose a bit. "Mister, you're the one who's gonna be locked up."

"He oughta be locked up." A woman's voice rang shrilly near the boy's ear, and he glanced past his father's chest and saw his mother's friend, Missus Brenner, jabbing an

angry finger at the landlord. "I saw the whole thing. This louse threw the boy down and stomped him and—" She paused for breath and looked for affirmation from the crowd. "You saw that, didn't you?"

Several people nodded, and Missus Brenner turned to the boy's father. "Oh—look at your face." She opened her purse and took out some paper cleansing tissues and dabbed at his eye.

"'at's okay, Missus Brenner. The boy wasn't hurt bad." The boy's father pulled back from her. Some of the tissue stuck to the cut over his eye, white against the black skin. "'at's okay."

The cop put a hand on Mister Grimes' arm and spoke to the boy's father. "You want this guy tossed in the can?"

"I don't want no more trouble," the boy's father said. "I ain't mad." He turned to the boy. "You ain't hurt, are you?"

"No, Pop." The boy tried not to wince from the ache in his side.

"If Mr. Grimes forgets about the rent, I'll forget about locking him up," the boy's father said. He mussed the boy's hair and then patted it smooth. "Go get our suitcase."

The boy went over and picked up the suitcase but the latch had been jarred and when he raised the handle, the bag opened and tilted and scattered their clothing on the sidewalk. The scrapbook struck the pavement and its binding tore and several pages of newspaper clippings fluttered to the curb. The boy kneeled and repacked the clothes. He slipped the loose pages back into the book while the cop and Missus Brenner talked to his father. One newspaper clipping was a photograph of a young Negro boxer, smiling broadly, as he accepted a Police Athletic League trophy. Another wrinkled column described a brief Golden Gloves championship bout. A third was a page from *Ring Magazine* listing the contenders for the professional light-heavyweight title. The last clipping was a sports reporter's essay on the damage caused by repeated blows to boxers' heads and eyes.

The boy closed the suitcase cover over the scrapbook and locked the latch.

The cop was almost pleading with the boy's father. "You can change your mind any time you want. He deserves to be thrown in the can."

"No, thanks," the boy's father said.

Missus Brenner asked softly, "Where are you going to go?"

"We'll stay at the gym for a while." The boy's father made an effort to grin; the boy could see him force his lips back and apart. The blood was clotting over his eye, the white tissue paper absorbing the pinkness.

"If that guy gives you any more trouble," the cop said, "you let me know." He turned and motioned to the crowd. "Okay, folks, break it up. Start moving."

Missus Brenner said to the boy's father, "If I only had some room in my house— I'd be glad to let you stay awhile."

"'at's all right, ma'am. Thank you. I'll get paid Saturday and

we'll find another room."

Missus Brenner turned to Mister Grimes and her voice hardened and her words seemed to lash through the air and crackle like a whip. "And you—you ought to get down on your knees and thank this man from the bottom of your heart. He could have had you locked up for a year. Shame on you."

"I'm sorry." It didn't sound like Mister Grimes' voice. It was a nasal sound, like a whine. He didn't look up.

"You should be." Missus Brenner said.

"I'm really sorry," the landlord said, and then he looked up. The boy saw the expression in his eyes—a punished-dog look—and his ribs stopped aching. He was almost sorry for the man.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Missus Brenner asked.

The crowd was murmuring, and the cop was coaxing the group back. "Come on, get moving. It's all over. Go home." The boy saw some children he knew, and he avoided their stares and spoke to his father.

"Pop, let's go."

"Thanks, Missus Brenner," his father said, and touched the boy's shoulder. They began to weave through the crowd. The boy carried the suitcase with both hands, his eyes on the ground.

"Wait a minute," Mister Grimes called after them, and hurried up. "Honest, I'm really sorry. I lost my head." His eyes were begging now. "I didn't know what I was doing."

"Come on, Pop," the boy said, and looked at the ground again. He couldn't look at the landlord's eyes.

"Please," the landlord said. "You can come back to my place if you want to."

"No, thanks," the boy's father said. "I've had enough of you."

"Pop," the boy said, and looked at Mister Grimes. "I don't want to live in the gym."

His father stood still for a moment. His forehead wrinkled, and he patted his cut eyebrow and then rubbed his fingers together to feel the blood that had not clotted completely. The crowd shifted and pressed closer. The cop continued to push the spectators back.

The boy said, "We could stay at Mister Grimes' place until we find another room. Would that be okay with you?" He watched the landlord's eyes and saw the eagerness leap up.

"All you want. All you want." The landlord reached for the suitcase. "Let me help you."

"He can carry it himself," the boy's father said. "We'll stay maybe another week, as long as you leave us alone."

He turned, and with his hand still on the boy's shoulder they went up the stoop and into the rooming house. On the hallway stairs his father squeezed the boy's shoulder and when they came to the door of their room, he felt the boy's bicep.

"You're getting pretty strong."

"That's from carrying this bag so much," the boy said, and smiled. He shoved his shoulder against the door and it swung open. He went to the bed and dropped the suitcase on the mattress. The latch unlocked

again and the scrapbook's edge showed under the cover. The boy looked at the scrapbook. "I wish you'd really socked him one, Pop."

"It's just as well," his father said. "That Missus Brenner sure laid it into him, didn't she? But by next week Mister Grimes'll be hollerin' for the room rent again."

"Missus Brenner is okay," the boy said, "even if she is a white woman."

"Don't make no difference whether she's colored or white," his father said. "She's all right."

"I wish we were white," the boy said.

"Well, we ain't and we can't do anything about it."

"I can wish, can't I?"

"No sense wishin' for whut can't be."

The boy went over to his father and tapped his arm. "Pop?"

"Whut?"

"I don't really wish I was white."

"Whut do you wish?" His father was touching the rim of the wooden stool near the window.

"You know what I wish?" The boy took his father's arm and guided him around the stool and placed him in position to sit down by the window. "I wish you could see."

The Unloved Sings

● **Howard A. Wiley**

We hold to the hard things and the soft:
the cragged and curious shapes of stone,
the crooked fence that quarters the croft,
the kiss of the blade against the hone,
the cobwebbed wheel in the luminous loft,
the leathery flesh that clothes the bone . . .
We hold to the soft things and the hard:
the wool-lace shawl with the whitened stain,
the face that the claw of rage has scarred,
the thickening blood of the aging brain,
the rubble of cities crumbled to shard,
the viscera vibratile with pain . . .
We hold to the soft
and hold to the hard
and weep as we walk in the rain
and look in a well
in a wintered yard
and sigh as we walk in the mist:
the unknown rings
an unseen bell
and passes us by in the rain,
the unloved sings
an unheard song
and dies from the mind in the mist
while we live for the seen
and live by the heard
and plod to a spademan's tryst—
while we hold to the soft
and hold to the hard
and die in the damp of the mist.

A Further View—II

● **Richard P. Coulson**

The following excerpts from letters written by prominent Catholic and non-Catholic authors and critics to the above writer are the second of a series on the question: "Why do not Catholic colleges and universities in the United States produce an adequate supply of Catholic writers?"

● *John Cogley*

One should remember that first-rate writers are always rare. But even so, I suspect there is not enough literary interest in Catholic colleges. There are literature courses and classes galore, but I am not speaking of the academic curriculum. What I mean is that literature, especially modern literature, is too often judged on non-literary grounds. A novel is not something one enjoys, on the author's terms, so much as something about which one contends—its appearance is an occasion for philosophical argumentation, theological correction, or simple moralizing. Now all these things are fine. Philosophical and theological errors should be exposed and corrected. But such concerns should not be mistaken for literary interest.

Literary values as such tend to get lost in unending philosophical disputes which are not so much centered around literature as occasioned by it. When they do, students may be inspired to write brilliant tracts about literature, but how few are inspired to create literature itself!

Few writers develop alone; one inspires another. They need each other's encouragement and support. Above all, they need a literary atmosphere to move in. You hear about teachers who number a steady procession of creative writers among their students. Why? Certainly these teachers are especially gifted in teaching the elements of good writing, but more than that, they inspire students to write. In the atmosphere they create, literary values as such are respected; turning out a good piece of creative writing is considered one of the most important contributions one can make to society. In a word, such teachers take literature seriously, and their enthusiasm is contagious.

Why is the literary atmosphere which nurtures creativeness so often absent from the Catholic campus? Many explanations have been offered; I will venture one which I know does not explain everything but may explain something.

By and large, Catholic colleges are dominated by a defensive mentality. There are very good reasons for the defensiveness. Given the modern intellectual world, Catholic colleges often feel that they are operating in an alien, unfriendly environment. In this environment, the Catholic

college feels that it is alone burdened with the Truth. Consequently, the atmosphere is sometimes charged with argumentation; the Truth is more characteristically defended than serenely expressed. Now it seems that the creation of literature is hurt rather than aided by the crusading spirit, and it is that spirit which seems to set the tone for much of the intellectual life on the Catholic campus.

It is no accident, I think, that the best Catholic writers are converts. In embracing the Faith, these writers did not abandon their belief in literary values; their literary interests are not disguised philosophical or theological concerns. In entering the Church, they did not assume the scrappy spirit, the tendency toward defensiveness, which the born-Catholic so often carries with him through life. To men like Waugh and Greene, the modern world may be in error, but it is not alien and forbidding. They do not habitually think of life in terms of philosophical combat. Oddly enough, though, because they are so very unapologetic, such writers are actually excellent apologists. One speaks of the art which conceals art. Perhaps one may speak of the apologetics which conceal apologia.

● *James Kritzeck*

The most I would say is that Catholics as a whole in this country seem to be producing infinitely less in the way of literature, proportionate to their numbers, than non-Catholics. . . .

. . . which brings me to the central, and most fascinating, part of your first question, why such Catholic writers as there are have not received their training in Catholic colleges. It naturally occurs to one to wonder whether such training makes any difference at all, but that is the subject of your second question. I am inclined to say that the Church has fairly consistently withheld her patronge of all the arts since the Age of the Baroque, and it is not therefore surprising that She now finds Herself an alien to them. This is true, with a special vengeance, of Her presence in the United States. I should think it the case that *our* generation of Catholics here is the first to be concerned deeply, and in significant numbers, with the arts. Now consider the fact that Catholic colleges have had to expend all the resources at their disposal to get and keep themselves accredited, let alone starting any renascences, and you begin to have an answer. I say "begin" because I am convinced that to say what I have just said and no more is to make the Catholic colleges more innocent than they really are. I hope that I am not unduly harsh, but I have been led to believe that the Catholic colleges are mediocre not merely by circumstances of sociology and economy, but also by willful choice, and that they all but *dis*courage that universality of outlook which signalizes the best of the intellectual and artistic life in all places and at all times. Nor am I think-

ing principally of their underestimation of modern trends in philosophy, psychology, and so forth. I am thinking of their failure to ponder a man like Dante. This is a serious failing, because it suggests that the very climate in which good literature and all good art is produced is not yet present in the Catholic colleges of this country. If this is so, then you are right in being only "mildly astonished" to discover your facts regarding the training of Catholic writers.

● *Philip Wylie*

To be a first-rate creative writer requires the following: The unrestricted use of creative imagination, free access to all logic, and understanding of the basic factual knowledge of one's era, the power to observe without bias, the absence of prejudice, a non-dogmatic approach to reality, and in short, complete and absolute intellectual freedom—the only domain in which a man can be truly creative and indeed have any real self-respect.

It is my opinion that the Catholic religion or any other dogmatic religion hampers all the above functions and destroys the most important of them by shaping human instincts into a specific pattern which bears little, or no, relation to the truth as it is known today. A Catholic, if he is devout, i.e., sold on the authority of his Church, is also brain-washed, whether he realizes it or not.

On the other hand, since creative writing is extremely individualistic, and derives from the individual's inner, honest sense of his true self, I think all creative writers are self-taught and that no "college training course" beyond those involving the techniques of the language are of value.

● *Kenneth Burke*

If a person hoped to become a writer, he would usually think of writing for a general audience rather than for a specifically Catholic one. And thus he might tend to study in a school not directly associated with specifically Catholic audiences. Maybe the main group you should question would be the Catholic writers who did not attend Catholic schools.

● *William Carlos Williams*

If knowledge be restricted, denying it the right, sacred and profane, to err where it listeth; it will wither at the root.

Meditation on a

• Claud

And so we walked at last through that far town,
Bright Carthage, in the slow dissolving mist,
Beholding in a frieze our strange renown
And knew ourselves to be a living myth.
It was most strange; what could we say to this?
My lord Aeneas bore the weight again
Of that incised stone: it was his heart;
It was our past, it was the stratagem,
The gift of Greece. He marveled at the part
He played—so did we all.
It was our blood congealed upon that wall.
"Why look, why there it is!—see there!—
Who would believe that ever was so fair
A wench as Helen; it is a tale, a marvelous tale
That we have dreamed, Aeneas, that is all."
But no. And yet we scanned it without pride;
Beggars we were before our monument,
Hungry, and unsure, almost diffident,
Thankful for the mist in which to hide.
It shattered me to see Aeneas stare
(Me but an empty cup cast on the pyre
Of Hector's ashes and Paris's desire);
The new incisions bled an old despair
In my dear comrade—all the themes were there:

rieze at Carthage

'. Koch

The boy Ascanius trotting by his side
Through streets flared like Hephaestus' forge and shield,
And old Anchises begging leave to die
Alone upon the edge of some still field
Where he had been a child;
And that lost wife who wandered through the stark
Unutterable clamour of the final dark
Of Troy, of all our youth. Unhealed
As my wounds were, I ached to see
My Captain face this adamantine truth.
And yet, for all our hopeless pity, here was proof
No tears remained in such as we.
Then Dido came. And all the drunken sea
(Its wine our blood) had moved us not as she.
Then Dido came. My Captain stood revealed:
He who had knelt to no man knelt now to beauty.
The mist was gone, and down upon our knees
He named us one by one. He named us all.
And then we straightened, and the long roll call
Of Trojans dead, hero and hero, field and field,
Ah, these stood in her fair eyes revealed:
Astyanax and Priam and Andromache . . .

The lost fair, the lost gentle, the lost wise . . .

The tears we could not shed were in her eyes.

Long Thought . . .

• Frank Brookhouser

SO THERE they sit, no warriors these, just around the corner from old age, the steep hills climbed, the large vistas of their youthful dreams behind them; there they sit around the night-club table, the eight of them, gathered now as they have gathered together each year for a small reunion, the guys from the outfit who had known each other best, gathered again to join in some fresh drinks and to share some old memories, each year remembering less of them and wanting more of them, laughing once more at a one-time funny scene recreated loudly and brought vividly to light in the noisy, dimly-lit room, speaking enthusiastically in sudden total recall of little towns important now only to the people who live in them and to the guys who were there once in their lives, in mud and snow and rain and black nights filled only with the steady ominous drone of planes overhead and hushed voices below; not the big towns, these, not Plymouth or Nancy or Munich, but the little towns where some little thing stood out and struck sharply into their personal history of the war, towns like Bodmin in England and Eulmont in France and Willerwald in Alsace; there they sit, unlikely soldiers these, and speak again of familiar names and once familiar places where they tramped on dusty roads and slept in bombed-out homes and bedded down with fleeting glory for a while, some men from America who had come to age in a Depression and were trying to get a start when they found that they were needed elsewhere in the world and discovered themselves sending creaking legs and aching muscles over Obstacle Courses they had never envisioned beyond the Breadlines, the Apple Corners; there they sit together on this cold winter night, and the one who had been a bookie and is now in a legitimate business is wearing his hearing aid ("Hey, John, you got your battery turned on?"), and it is funny about him because after the war, after it was all over and he had been standing guard against the Germans through all those months of combat, after that, they took him away from the big guns and examined him and said, This man should be sent home at once, he should not be allowed to stand guard, he should not be allowed to stand guard with the occupation forces; and they flew him home then, and so now he wears a hearing aid, and it is a funny story which they tell over and over because that's something, that's one thing, of the way war is; and here is the shoe salesman, a man of courage tonight because he has walked into a lion's den of his own creation, he has made his appearance in all of the false splendor of a toupee, his first ("Hey, Jughead, you old bum, when'd you get the mop?"), and he is saying that his wife made him do it; and it is funny because, he is saying, the first time he went home with it his little

boy was playing with a bicycle in the driveway and the boy's eyes grew wide and the boy said, "Daddy, what happened to you?" and maybe it is not really funny, but it is funny tonight, for all of them; and here is the insurance man with the heart as big as his stomach, good heart, strong heart, because although he was the oldest, he made 16 miles of the 18-mile hike before he collapsed on the road (and was there anybody in Europe he didn't share with?), and he has ulcers now and it is only for a special occasion that he will drink martinis and this is that occasion and tomorrow he will suffer, as he suffered in the Army hospital after the war and the more elegant one in the city, twice, in the last two years, and he is the one with the best spirit and he wants to dance with some girls who are having a party in the room, and their party will be brightened by his presence because without knowing their language he brightened the homes of scores of French people with laughter and good will; and here is the one who is introducing gray hair this season, and that is a subject for happy ridicule too, but he is moving up in the Police Department and perhaps the gray hair is proper, lending dignity to the position; and there they sit and all of them are old and tired and growing fat and getting bald or getting gray, but tonight they are the young—well, fairly young men of 10 years ago, riding the muddy roads of France and Germany, rolling along to laughter and comradeship with mutual memories shared, and they do not know or care that the snow has begun to fall outside and that the night is cold; there they sit, unlikely heroes these, but once—ladies and gentlemen, who know that they are drinking too much and talking too loud—once they helped to win a pretty important war for a lot of people, the one they called World War II. . . . So please excuse them and let them win the war again tonight.

In *All Manner of Men*, a literary awards committee book of the Catholic Press Association, two stories from FOUR QUARTERS have been selected: Flora Strousse's "The Perfume Spray," and Joseph Coogan's "Double Skull, Slow Burn, and a Ping."

Martha Foley's *The Best Short Stories of 1955* lists three stories that appeared in FOUR QUARTERS as distinctive stories in American magazines, 1954. These stories are Charles Edward Eaton's "Green Cross in the Sky," in the November issue; H. E. Francis's "The Journey of Annie Bliss," April issue; Emilie Glen's "Perish Poetry," in the November issue.

Dies Irae

• **Stephen Morris**

Woe work the day
Of final wrath
In field and house,
In stand and swath,
In furze and path.

Woe work the day
In yarn and loom,
In spindle turn,
In carding room
For crib or tomb.

Woe to the fair
Who sin scot free.
Woe to the rich
Who heartily
Sup to no fast
And bend no knee.

Wrath to the vain
For finery.
Wrath to the gang
Of venery.
Wrath to the halt
Who curse the stair.
Wrath to the poor
Who know no prayer.

Thunder to all
On planet Earth;
Fire be the food
For them with girth;
Scalded by pitch
Be all who thirst
For lustful play,
And trebly cursed
On Judgment Day.

Their seed disbursed,
Their shrieks will slay
All swaddled mirth
On bone fire day.
Such world despair
Will billow then
From canyons filled
With screaming men
The roar will rock
All where.

Amen.

Butter, Cheese, and Whistles

● Vincent D'Andrea

I JUMPED out of the bar quickly enough, but Chalker, following, was hit by a spray of beer thrown by some beefo. Chalker and I have fun Saturday nights starting arguments in bars with big thickheaded boorjaws, that is, solid citizens; but this one had eight or ten big ones with him, and since I had to finish my cantata and Chalker has to watch his hands for sculpting, we decided to make a run for it.

Now as we slowed down, Chalker grabbed my shoulder and, panting, said, "The next time, Lopo, make sure I have my hammers handy; that bunch looked like a hundred Epstein 'Ploughmen.' "

I thought of the stupid look on the red face of the big beefo when I shot him one to the gut. He was soft enough, but big all over. And I didn't know about his friends. "A thought, Chalker," I said, "an excellent idea. Let's go hammer them into a relief of Cretan Bulls. *Cretin*, that is."

"Let's not. I lost a mallet last week going through the park like a vertical off a tangent."

"Yes," I said, "like a bat out of hell."

I thought about the stupidity of the thing. Here I am, a great composer, clutched with the idea for a huge and great big American Cantata (that is, doing Whitman with harmonica, banjo, and bottle), and the only way I can get the feel of the People is by living with the brutes. "Chalker, you're lucky, being a chiseler; you only have to look at them, not smell them or listen to them. You've got hands like shovels, a father in the Monument business, and a whole nation full of Bodies—everything you need. All I've got as stuffing is car exhausts and air hammers and subway trains screekin' and clankin' and hollerin' in my poor pinnae. From this," I intoned, "comes the great universality which illumines the true and genuine masterpiece, which pierces the veils of sophistry, plunges to the depths of the tormented human spirit, there to blossom forth in an aura of peace and affirmation, negating the often-tragic suffering of the boorjaws and beefies."

"Yes," Chalker said, nodding sadly, "poor papa with his stones. When I told him about my taking up the torch, he nearly died; he was really hurt. He don't see the advantage of the acetylene flame over the hand and hammer. He never did get a sandblaster. Still pumice and rags and water and arthritis—if you're lucky."

I had met Chalker's father once. Very fine old man, with dust in the cracks of his hands and face and, it seemed, dust in his lungs, too. Silicosis, that is. Fill up with dust till it kills you. Stroke right into your lungs as you pat a statue's fanny and smile. Like old Spinoza,

pierced by the sharp spikes of epistemology and choked by diamond dust. To see the universe faceted.

A batter'd, wreck'd old man
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd nigh to death.

I was full of Whitman these days, and the Big Thing. We were almost to the Parkway when it started to rain buckets and gussets. I liked the rhythm of the rain, a great tremolo, and it made interesting sounds with leaves and grass and concrete and tin roofs and car tops and paper boxes and marble and bronze statues and asphalt and so forth. Great musical stuff, and visual too. Did two things at once; like I was trying to do, wake Whitman and the beefies. But not really the last. I was interested in having a good time writing the music, and really didn't care if the beefies bounced to it, so long as I got paid and so forth, so I could keep my piano and sausages.

Speaking of sausages, I got hungry, and we were near Chalker's. "Chalker, old hammer, is there anything to eat at your place besides steel and marble? I mean something that sticks to your ribs?"

"Just some *lasagna* left over from Tuesday night and some wine. But let's walk a little faster; this rain is spoiling that stone and I can't stand it."

Chalker meant the Indians with Horses, etc. on the fountain. He could see the water going through the stone like raindrops on a dust-pile. But I liked the sounds of the separate spurts gushing into the pool and rain as counterpoint. "Okay, forward to your manse, then," I said.

As we walked along, our sandals made little sucking syncopated noises on the wet and puddling sidewalk. Great stuff there too. Chalker's studio was on top of a garage on the outskirts of downtown. He kept it like a monk's cell, and in fact it was very draughty, so that during the day the smell of car exhausts and paint and numerous clangings and bangings made the place unpleasant. But he had done the walls himself in good plaster, carving reliefs where he had felt like it, and some good stucco wash painting, so that at night it was a good place to be.

"Watch your step, Lopo."

"Right, ole hammer."

After a few bangs the door yielded, and I could smell a faint acrid odor mixed in with the usual dust and sweet plaster taste. "How's the Rachel going these days, Chalker?"

In reply, he switched on a light, and I could see a great whistling maze of steel and bronze in the center of the room. "Good construction, man. Wow! What's this?"

I was examining the base of the thing, and was surprised to find one quarter-inch rod supporting the whole works. The man had the thing balanced perfectly, and I guessed it went a couple of hundred pounds. "Beautiful job, boy, beautiful. Poor Rachel without her kids?"

"Yes, but you see I haven't got the hair in yet—it's got to go here in the vertical, you see, but I'm afraid it'll topple the whole business unless I melt some off the left corner high. And that might not do it."

He sounded worried. Like mom watching junior on the monkey bars. But Chalker was a whiz with the torch. He had got a job in the garage below when people weren't buying stone or plaster or clay or wood or anything else, which happens every so often when the millionaires migrate or an American-primitive-Gothic is found out in Iowa.

So one day they gave him a torch to do some welding, and before the mechanics or he knew what had happened, he had a perfect Lot's Wife carved out on the fender of a '39 Cadillac, which was disastrous for the mechanics, a revelation for Chalker, and a real opportunity for the owner. It was worth at least a hundred skins, that is, and the Big Joe that owned the Cadillac should've snapped it up. But he didn't. That is, Chalker had to pay for it.

But he wrote home for money, and pretty soon he had himself a secondhand welding outfit and half a dozen tanks of oxygen and acetylene and so forth and was in business. This was before everybody went crazy for mobiles, and about the same time I was in trouble for using a police whistle in a quintet instead of a cello. But pretty soon everybody caught on, and Chalker had done quite a few pieces for different people, and I was beginning the American Cantata.

"Hey, Lopo, come here a minute, will you."

He had the torch out and going, and the sound of it was like Old Walt roaring in his beard. "Okay," I hollered, "what is it?"

"Hold that piece," he shouted, "just loosely, and feed it in, and when I holler drop it, you drop."

"Wait," I shouted, "why don't we eat first?"

"No; if we eat I'd feel too good about that horizontal, and the damned thing would sag like putty in the morning."

"Okay."

Watching Chalker with the torch was something. Aside from the noise, which was considerable, you had to admit that pushing steel around like butter had its advantages. And Chalker used them all. I picked up a four-foot length of rod and held it loose, like he had said. I wasn't wearing goggles, so I couldn't see where he was aiming it. But pretty soon as he pushed and shaped the molten mass, I could see cascades of beautiful black and gold and blue and red hair, which was what it was. Then he hollered, "Drop it!" And I did, and he swarmed all over that vertical with files and bars, pushing and shoving and scraping the cooling globs of metal. And the corner held.

He turned off the torch and said, "That's a good beginning, even though you held it to start."

"Thanks, old spark, but that's not my line."

In fact, I just noticed that it had been damned hot near that torch, and I hadn't eaten all day.

"I'll get the food," he said, and

went to the back, rolling the torch and tank along. I lay back on the couch and started thinking about the Cantata. Of course, I was always thinking about it, but I had a real problem with the sopranos. If I had them alternating chords with a bass-tenor mix, maybe that was much too high for Old Walt, unless I used a drum and some bull fiddles. And that might ruin the vocalization, since when folks hear drums and fiddles, they think about funerals and gloomy Gus Mahler, and you have that to fight. Besides the obvious ennui of the beefos when you have been hollering at them for an hour or two in Whitman talk.

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices
of children and women
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the
ships how they sailed,
and the summer approaching with richness,
and the fields all busy with labour,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its
meals and minutia of usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd,
and the cities pent—

Right up their alley. In fact their back alley. But "the voices of children and women"; a background of wailing and sighing and weeping and laughing and shouting women and children voices, with a good solid beat of bass, relieved by some tenors and violins; and the drums and the fiddles. It could do it. And if you make enough strange noises, they'll listen to you, or you make them, at any rate.

Yes, I could hear it all, and I was very happy, and happier still when Chalker brought the food and wine. "Chalker, old hammer, you are looking at a Happy American Composer, which is enough of a rarity nowadays to be in the zoo. I am happy for the Cantata and for you and Rachel and even for the beefos, God love them. So let's eat and drink and pray for the poor souls out in the rain tonight, and for all Americans and Peoples. And let's drink to Art, which, when people catch on, is great fun for everybody."

"Saluti!"

"Saluti!"

Just then there was a cracking sound and a thump, followed by a sort of loud crumbling and more thumps. "My God!" Chalker cried, spilling his wine, "the Meeting is falling off the wall!"

And he was right. The Old Hammer's bas-relief of Dante Meeting Beatrice was crumbling before our eyes. "No, no, no, stop it, stop it!" Chalker was running to the wall and hollering to it, and to me too, I guess. I was very surprised, and when I got to him, it had stopped; but most of it was gone.

"No, no, no, it can't be, can't—" Chalker was almost crying, and I was staring at Dante's nose, which was still there, and the cherubs, higher up near the ceiling. "The torch, the damned torch dried out the plaster. They'll all fall sooner or later, unless you spray them with

plastic or something," I said. "That's how they preserve Vivaldi manuscripts, you know. Did you know that there were some two or three hundred Vivaldis in Italy, and none of them have been played, only sprayed with plastic?"

But Chalker was not interested in the fate of Vivaldi, only in the wall sculpting. "I'll never use the torch again, never," he said.

"Now, Chalker—easy, boy. You don't mean that."

"I do, I do, do you see? It's unnatural, like the damned thing was jealous of the plaster and wanted to get even."

"You could keep the flame lower and open the windows."

"I never really liked that torch. It's not like holding a mallet; not at all like it."

"But, Chalker, you've got to be progressive. What would the beefos say? Probably that beefo I socked tonight uses a torch for shaving."

"You really don't know what it's going to do, like that left corner."

"It held."

"And I don't remember doing most of Rachel; it just melted where it wanted to.

"That's only natural. Why, I wrote my first symphony in a bathtub, and I don't remember a thing."

"I think it's got a mind of its own. You've got to feed it and clean it and everything. Not like a mallet at all."

"Antheil used an airplane engine in a work, and that needs feeding and cleaning too."

But Chalker wasn't listening to me; so I went over and finished my meal, while he leaned his head against the wall. After a while, he came over, sat down, and ate. That was a good sign, in fact a great sign, since he hardly ever eats unless he has made everything out for himself. That is, problems. Like a statue or carving or some torch work. He never eats until every problem that came up is solved, and this one was solved. So I didn't say anything. I drank wine and lay back and thought about the Lyrical Part.

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

This would be all sweetness and light, with all the female voices and just the violins, harps, flutes, and so on. And I even worked out a "picardy third" for the closing chord that was sheer stuff. A major third with a parallel minor, all in shimmering goodness. Nice little chromatic figures, but not trumped up. I felt even better about that than I did about the City climax, and then I had jumped up and down Chestnut Street for an hour, grinning like an ape who had just pirated a banana boat. But this time I just lay there very quiet and hummed the chords, blocking them out in my mind's eye and running them through in my mind's ear. As the man says, real scaffolding. Maybe it was the wine, but I felt great.

"Lopo, Lopo, Lopo." Chalker was calling.

"Yes, ole hammero," I grinned

and sang simultaneously.

"You could use some walls, couldn't you?" he said.

"Hmmmm, yes, yes, of course, ole hammer. How many do you have?" But then I said, "What walls? What're you talking about?" The wine, maybe.

"I have the reliefs in frames in the wall. You can take a couple, and Mangy and Ruby could have the rest, the stuccos." He was speaking quietly and squinting at the walls.

Then I realized that he meant that Mangy and I could have his reliefs and stuccos, and this meant that a Great Decision had been made. Now, when you are with someone, some human being who has made a Great Decision, you must walk very quietly, and talk and think very quietly, and be alert to go along with everything, or you are in danger of precipitating a Major Crisis.

This is a serious obligation, since you do not, in any wise, wish to be a party to anyone's ruin, especially when he is a friend, and a sculptor at that, a real thing. So I spoke quietly, and did not look at him too hard, although the temptation was great, for the face of a human who has made this step is a thing of wonder.

"Yes, of course, ole hammer, I'd be glad to."

Although I knew that I couldn't use them in my small place. But then maybe I could sell them, and tell Chalker that a visiting Millionaire friend or Art Lover had happened in and bought them; I could plead ignorance about the price, and Chalker, being a man of honor and an artist, would never ask about money, even if they put them up in the Louvre.

"Good, then. That's settled," he said, and got up to examine Dante's nose, which was really all he had left, and the cherubs.

I had been holding my breath, figuratively, hoping that I hadn't said too much, or smiled too hard, but now everything was fine. So I lay back again.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.
O liquid and free and tender!

And the picardy third again, and some counterpoint, taken up by the tenors in key with the cellos, over the basses and basses, with a minimum of brass, mostly trumpets, quiet in reverse Haydn fashion. As the man says, a solid piece, no seams. I needed to take care with this thing. Because it's easy to overwhelm everybody with voice, but it's hard to stand firm with sheer stuff. Since it's like light through your fingers. And rare as technicolor dreams.

I was abysmally happy for an hour or so, and every so often Chalker would float by, and I could hear filing and banging and the torch going and the ole hammer talking to Rachel. But then I came to my senses. Here, now, I thought, this is no good. Happiness is the most dangerous thing there is, especially for artists, since all your defenses are down at once and the beefies and so forth can easily get to

you. When a man's happy, he's liable to do all sorts of rash things like get drunk or get married. He might even start thinking about art in a happy way, which is very dangerous. The thing is to be unhappy and miserable all the time, and fighting mad, but be smiling all the while.

That way you are defended, and you can sock somebody and get away with it on grounds of insanity. And when you meet the art league ladies and you are smiling, they think you're happy, so they smile and buy your work and smile; and the reason you're smiling is because you're so unhappy that if you didn't smile, you'd die right there in front of them all, and that would upset them dreadfully and set Art back about fifty or so years instead of forty-nine as is. No, there's no sense in pulling a long face unless something major occurs, like running out of piano keys or losing your pitchpipe or confusing the toothpaste or shaving cream.

I was thinking about this last when I noticed the silence, and then Chalker was leaning over me. "Hey, Lopo, snap out of it. We're going out."

"Huh? Oh, huh, yeah. Where?"

"Over to Mangy's; I was supposed to see him this afternoon but forgot. Let's go before it starts to rain again."

"Okay, let's go."

After he had given Rachel a last minute checkover, he switched out the lights, and we stumbled down the narrow stairway onto the street. It had stopped raining and was a nice night insofar as things were going. And Mangy had a piano at his place, in lieu of the usual guitar. He had switched from folk music to Italian art songs a while before, and it gave me a chance to dodge in off the street when an idea grabbed me. Mangy was a painter, and a pretty fair one. When I first met him, he was a young wild-eye doing cubistons and sewing machines. That is, strictly abstract, jangling stuff. Not bad for a young fellow of thirty or so, and he had a nice way with dealers and so forth, people who buy pictures.

Whenever there was an art league tea, he would skip sleeping and shaving for a couple of days, then dress up in sandals, yellow socks, green slacks, and a red shirt, and sell pictures like a wild man. So that he made enough money to buy some suits and get married, and now except for an occasional jump into the drink, bottle or river, you couldn't tell Mangy from a Walnut Street broker on a Sunday afternoon in the square.

I believe he was happy with Ruby, his frau, but she didn't approve of too many of us. She wanted Mangy-boy to get ahead, and didn't understand that that would happen anyhow, so the hell with what went on in between. And we were a very respectable duo, Chalker and I, walking along the wet streets, with myself trying to work out a rhythm from the sound I'd heard before with the sandals, and Chalker trying to find a pocket for the hammer that had run one through already.

We avoided going through the square to elude any Patrons who

might be there, and cut south on Twentieth Street to Pine. Suddenly Chalker stopped. "Lopo, do you see what I see; and what the devil are they?"

I was thinking happily about a Patron I had once had who had almost been ruined socially by one of my best Trios for recorder, cimbalom, and sticks, and I didn't quite get it. But when I looked up, I saw, on both sides of the street, spaced perpendiculars of slim shining metal in a very interesting shape. Now, for me, this was quite a shock, for the rhythm was kind of sudden and very definite, but for Chalker it was like receiving a ton of steel gratis from a Lover of the Arts.

He just stood there, his arms hanging in space, mouth open, shovel hands trying to grasp what they were. Here now, I thought, what the devil is going on? And then, of course, I saw that they were parking meters of the best kind, and told Chalker. "Now, easy, old hammer, they're just parking meters."

But to tell the truth, I had never seen so many before, and I was still surprised. And Chalker, whose nose for metal was simply amazing, still stood gaping, so that I had to close his mouth and lower his arms. "But—but—but, Lopo, they're beautiful! Beautiful!"

"Now, gently, Chalker boy."

In fact, thinking of the rhythm I had got, I was fairly excited too, since I had never used metal in any work. This did have possibilities. "Okay, Chalker, it's just a block more. And we can look at them later."

"I've just got to have one, Lopo, I've just got to."

I could see that this was getting serious, and began steering the boy past the gleaming shapes towards Mangy's. "Righto, Chalker, we'll get you one; now let's go."

"But I mean it, old man. See here, there must be a way of getting one."

I had visions of myself in jug for a year or so, which I couldn't afford, and I got excited, in a quiet way, of course. "You could make one yourself any way you wanted, or maybe they have rejects or something, and besides all this is against the law. It's a crime to tamper with one or look at one sideways, let alone steal one. But I'm sure there's no law against sketching them, and you could disguise yours as art. Let's go."

What I really felt like saying was something like okay, ole hammer, you wait here while I go steal a truck and some dynamite and air hammers. Then we can put up a sign, blast them all out, build a big fire, melt down to interesting shapes, and donate them to the city in place of some of the fountains they've got lurking in the park. But the boy didn't calm down completely; that is, he tapped every one with his mallet, and broke the glass on two of them, and the last one sent a shower of coins over the street, at which point I was walking twenty yards ahead of him whistling the scherzo from my Third Symphony, which sounded vaguely like the shower of coins or the glass breaking: that is, universal.

I cut onto a side street, and soon

he caught up, swinging his mallet and grinning like a Matisse odalisque. "Good construction," he said; "solid—base-type-thing."

Then we were at Mangy's alley, and I got a real shock, for there, alone at the end of the alley, was a meter, and Chalker went running over like a little boy at swings. "Look," he chortled, holding it up with an amazed look on his face, "just like Phidias came down and undid the bolts for us."

And in truth it was not bolted down or weighted down or anything; in fact, Chalker was holding it like a baby and walking towards Mangy's door, and I was too shocked to do anything but follow. The way I felt when I heard my first piece played all wrong by some visiting Signor or other and my supposed friends at the conservatory.

So I walked into Mangy's while looking around behind for the police, but they weren't there, which was a good thing, for I had determined to plead innocence and diplomatic immunity in my ragged but deploying Sanskrit, which is my usual defense against the law.

For Mangy and Ruby, our arrival must have been like seeing the circus coming over your lawn. Mangy, who was dripping paint from a can on the end of a long pole onto a big canvas, flipped a few splotches in the direction of the sink, me, and the piano, which gave me an idea for some tricky four-part horseplay for horns in the Ethiopia section. So I ran for the old box.

I caught only a glimpse of Ruby, confronted with Chalker, his boyish charm and parking meter; but she looked like a convent girl who drew a pretty flower lost in the figure-study class. All blushes and movements. I guessed we had come in too fast. But I was banging the chords as hard as I could:

Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human
With your woolly-white and turbaned head, and bare bony feet?

and bawling the words and horn parts, and didn't catch what happened next. Horns and drums and what a beat! BARE BONY FEET! BARE BONY FEET!

When the damp laundry hindered my singing and playing, I stopped and, turning, caught a wet sock across the eye. But smiling and busting inside with the beat, I saw Chalker and Mangy, glaring at one another like two women with the same hat, and Ruby, waving a broom in their direction. I felt very sorry for domesticity and for Ruby, who was a good girl but not too bright. She thought that the boys were angry with one another because they were jousting with a pole and a parking meter, but I could see that they were only fooling. Natural animosity of dabbler and chiseler and animal spirits. Very complicated picture.

So I picked the laundry off the piano and carried it over to the sink and gave Ruby my best Patron smile and wink, which cinched it. "Oh, hah, hah-hah," she jerked out, "just fooling, huh? Hah-hah-ha."

I could tell the poor girl was tired by the way she laughed. Usually when they're short-weight on brains,

they can laugh like hyenas or googly-birds and fight like tigers. Also short on tear glands. Natural compensation.

"What's the trouble, Ruby? You look all beaten in, like an old pot."

"It's those things he's doing the past month. He just sits on the ladder, squints, and drips paint from that pole. I don't see how he expects to sell them. And he says he don't want to paint me anymore."

"Now, Ruby, that's the best modern manner—de Kooning, Pollock, and so on. He'll get over it quickly enough, just like the sewing machines."

I remembered the series that he had done of Ruby in domestic scenes. Ruby stuffing sausage. Ruby emptying garbage. Ruby peeling onions. Ruby washing. Ruby ironing. Ruby scrubbing. And so forth. Not bad, really. Big forms and colors. Really some of his best.

But if Mangy wanted to go mathematical, there's nothing anybody can do. Like the time I was on my twelve-tone kick. Did some real things with it, but the strain was too much. Still too young for it, I guess.

Now Ruby was sorting out the laundry, and I went over to the boys, who had stopped jousting and were studying the meter. "Yes," Mangy was saying, "they put them in this afternoon. I guess they left this one loose by mistake. I noticed it tonight. But I think you're nuts, Chalker; they won't just forget about it."

Chalker, excited, turned to me. "Lopo, guess what? The thing I had forgotten about was that I had lent Mangy a small torch to fix the sink, and there it is. I can fix up the meter and carry it home and finish it. It's unbelievable luck. The only thing is that Mangy says Ruby won't allow the torch to be lit anymore. He burnt holes in the sink and floor and accidentally scorched some canvases. That means we got to convince Ruby to let me use the torch just long enough to block in the forms.

"What forms?" I asked.

" 'The Wounded Stag,' " he said. "If I could get the glass flowing right, that'd be good blood. Near the shoulder, say. That'd be about right. Bend the middle, rough it up a bit, then draw out a coupla stumps, and some chicken wire run together for antlers."

He waved his shovel hands. "That plane near the top is perfect for a three-quarter reclining. The way the different metals'd melt it'd be good too. Might even expose some of the gears in the head. Whooie! Sweet thing'd be perfecto, punto! Whoo-hee! Look at that stuff, will'ya!"

He tapped it with his mallet. "Where can you find stuff like that nowadays? I ask you, where?"

He fell to his knees and began examining the pedestal, muttering to himself. Mangy and I began exchanging glances over the meter when Chalker mentioned the gears, and I could see he was very impressed with the idea and would like to see it himself. And the idea of the stag was beginning to work on me too. That is, the Ethiopia was fading and the lyrical part was

coming back soured with the idea of wounded nature.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep
But a day or two more, for see the frame all wasted and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

A dirge. With the bird's parts in minor, and the drums soft with cellos in parallel thirds, and great sighs of the violins in chorus, and horns like Prokofiev horns. And I saw the notations proceeding before my eyes and visions of the world silent in death but moving to the dirge.

The gray-brown bird was trapped in a maze of steel and confounded trees. The steel was the violins quick and whistling, coruscating high on the bridge, and the trees staccato cello, the bird clicking-sticks and a flute. I went to the piano and clanged it out. It was rough, a very tight piece of work, with no loose shirt-tails, frayed collars, or missing buttons; that is, a gentleman's shirt, tailored to fit universal man.

And I could see that I was going to be very busy for quite a while getting it all down. A real drain on my barrel of objective correlatives. But it might work out if I kept on smiling, and I didn't, at this stage of the game, doubt my ability to do that. As for Chalker, I thought of the story of the young Mick Angelo, and how the council of pot-bellied elders laughed at the stone that he wanted to chink into David. They said it was butter, *buttiroso*.

Not that the Stag was another David. Or that Ruby was a pot-bellied elder. But the idea was the same. She could stop Mangy unless he became very firm. But he was still too much in love to become firm with the little tigress. And if she stopped Chalker, then he'd have to return the meter. And there was still the matter of the smashed ones outside, something which I suppose only me and the police knew about, since Chalker had been testing. And if Ruby the tiger knew about that, she'd probably throw Lopo, Chalker, and Mangy out the window, chew up the meter, eat the piano, and follow that with the canvases, paints, poles, and wet laundry. Then lock the door, swallow the key, marry an insurance man, and have twenty kids.

How could a tiger tell the difference between slush and adamantine if a council of elders could not? I had neglected to keep track of the tiger's movements, and now I checked. Ruby was sitting at the table smiling and stuffing sausage, watching the boys set up the torch and meter. Maybe Chalker had mentioned money and had been crazy enough to give Ruby the rights of sale to the Stag just for the chance of having the torch burn his fingers again.

I went over to him. "Chalker, you crazy fool, did you promise to give Ruby the sale money?"

"No, ole wolf. I just told them about the wall carvings and stuccos, and she was happy and said we could burn the place for all she cared. Seems she wants to decorate and was going to ask me about

the stuff tonight. The reason she was mad was because she thought the meter was a statue that I brought instead. And the business about not wanting the torch lit was just womanly strategy."

Well, I thought, I had the tiger all wrong. I faked myself right into bad feelings for Ruby. That's what comes of trying to write a cantata on the run. Too much thinking about angles and bits, and pretty soon the world looks like a thousand-sided mirror, and everywhere you look, you see yourself and nine hundred and ninety-nine other guys, and you start in to worrying about them without noticing that one of them has your nose and another one your elbow and another is wearing your hat or coat and so forth.

I had forgotten one of my best rules of conduct, which is this: *The Clown is sometimes the best part of the Circus.* It is to remind me to be vulgar at times, or even funny, and was connected with the idea of the outward smile against the knife-in-the-ribs side of things. For there I had been thinking nastily about poor Ruby, when all along I should have been setting fire to the tablecloth and jumping up and down and screaming Whitman.

All along, all that she wanted was a picture for the wall, and I had been brooding about the law and the ways of Eve's daughters. When I should have been piling the furniture onto the piano top, lighting it, and banging out One's Self I Sing, I had been unfair to a human being. I had almost dived into my coffin. I looked up just then to see Ruby handing Chalker a red shot-glass.

"Hey, Lopo," he shouted, "wattya think of *that* for blood?"

And into the fire it went, with Ruby smiling like a dreaming tigress. Mangy was on his ladder again, dripping cerulean blue onto a pink sunburst type thing. "Electrons!" he shouted. "I just got the idea for an Atomic Stallion!"

And I had just gotten *the* idea for the One's Self.

One's self I sing, a simple, separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse

A roaring burst, high in flat value with a thumping left-hand beat and trills and frills. Great marching music.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the muse.
—I say the Form complete is worthier far,
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

A sudden juxtaposition, a rush and fall. The marriage of metals. A universal synthesis in your kitchen. A real surprise, that's what we wanted. Marmorial quality, as the man says. Or the lines of Walt's white beard flowing and tugging against the metaphysical flood. The whole as part, and vice versa. I had an itch, a ping in the liver, so to speak, and I wanted to get home and start writing some of this down. That's where some rough-and-tumble wrestling with

beefos stands a guy in good stead. That's where you fight everything at once.

You fight your fingers (that won't play the thing you hear between your ears) and your hands (that won't scratch it out on the sheets the way it was going that afternoon). And you get all tangled up with the time, and tumble around with half measures and quarter and eighth notes not fitting.

So after a while, you stop and play "Chopsticks" just to make sure you *are* really seated at a piano, and then run through the scales just to make sure those stubs *are* fingers and *not* carrots. Then before you stick your head in the oven, you run through what you've got. And maybe it's jello. *Training for the Grave.* That's what's flop and blop. Mushiness and a general flop. And you say, who makes you sweat buckets and ruins your meals for a week or so? Who blows your head open and wrestles with your brains? Beethoven, you, or the beefies?

Or, I thought, if you see it coming quietly, you get yourself a clerking job and learn the biz well enough to super-clerk, then manage, and so on up the old ladder. Then when you feel a roundness, first in some stepping along the way, then translated into stride, arm motion crawling to hand, dripping to fingers—lo! You don't have feathers and an old shinbone waving over a stinkpot. It's not magic. On the contrary. You've got a good suit, tie, shoes, and so forth, clerking, a cat, a music-box, and *no bedbugs to fool you about crawling in the fingers.*

And when the dripping comes to the hands, since all other things are accounted for (by the clock), it could only *be* a poem, a picture, a cantata, and so on. (While lesser lights still worried about the droopiness and floppy jello of their own sweet doings.) And if not, then you can afford a pint of poison and a good burying suit.

But here I was, running off the track, when all I had to do was go home and dust off the keyboard and fill my pen. That is, lock the door for a lifetime or so, slither out with laryngitis, arthritis, pruritis, sciatica, a general numbness from my boot-tops on up, and a large bundle under my manuscript arm. But all this while I could see a hundred cops outside, with machine guns, spotlights, and knives in their teeth, big beefies pounding their barrels and hollering for blood and meat. Because of a little childish malleting by the boy Chalker in his enthusiasm.

Since I had stopped playing, it was fairly quiet, except for the torch and Mangy's diving up and down the ladder. I could see that Chalker was just touching things up, so I went over to take a look, just to make sure. I didn't want the dirge to come back now, since I was going over technicalities now, not melody or blocked chords.

He switched off the flame and grinned at me. "Hey, Lopo, boy, I thought you were never going to stop playing. It's great; your best."

"So's this, maybe."

"No. Rachel has more thought. And more steel. That's important. This is very soft metal. Gives a

quiet idea. Nice sense of trees and stuff."

"Yes. I thought wounded nature right off."

Mangy had come over. "I like that, Chalker. Very fine, even blocked in. Well, I've put my stallion to stable. I guess you boys will be going."

"Yes," I said, "but in fact I've been wondering how we are going to carry all this stuff."

"Take my cart," Mangy said.

"Good idea," said Chalker.

"We should cover it with something," I said; "although now that it's disguised as art, we probably wouldn't have any trouble."

Ruby donated some curtains, since she was decorating, and a little package of sausage. Very maternal girl, Ruby. Good instincts. Keep the skin filled, and there's no trouble. Which was true, especially of beefies, although some of them were even more troublesome after they had been at trough or table.

We didn't tell about the damage outside, since we figured they'd find out soon enough when the cops started to investigate. And Mangy showed a remarkably fine sense of fair play, for a painter. So we said our goodnights over some little red wine, and we toasted the muses and so forth and left.

I was really surprised to see that nobody had noticed the glass and coins, but then, it was four o'clock in the morning. So we trundled blithely along the dark streets, the exact image of ragpickers who were getting an early start at their trade, except that we had a different kind of license. And I got a lot out of the sounds and rhythms of the cart wheels and of our sandals flopping along.

This was something that had disappeared from the idiom; so I concentrated on it and scarcely heard Chalker, who was talking very fast about how he would finish the Stag and his plans for the Rachel. I had an idea for a caravan theme from the deep, good rumble of the wheels and the jerking and lifting that conveyed a sense of separate counterpoint.

This without voice, as an Intro to the Pioneers! O Pioneers! sequence. The quiet of the streets was very like a quiet desert—quiet, I thought, and very hard to get across except in threnody, *sustenuto*, susurrant. Sustained and whispering. With maybe a cicada recording or muted trumpets or both.

I helped Chalker get the torch and Stag into his place, then borrowed his bike to get home. Pedaling along smoothly, I got a great sense of what I wanted in that threnody. A real physical translation. Or, if you want it in horse talk, a logical expression of a physically introverted symbolization.

I went up the steps backwards for luck, turned three times, and whistled a charm as I unlocked the door of the music room, and entered on my knees. Just in case the old box looked better than my tiredness.

And with half-closed eyes as I pulled down the shade, I could see the Art Museum, all butter, cheese, and whistles in the rising chorus of the Dawn.

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